

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

SEPTEMBER No. 34

AW,
PLASTIC MAN,
LEMME OUT!... I
WON'T GET INTO
ANY MORE
TROUBLE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Supply Limited

NEW True-Love and Friendship Sterling Silver Pendant The Heart Design

grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and -tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 141 A, Jefferson, Iowa

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.



New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 857, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name Color of Hair
Address Color of Eyes
City State

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplier are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 857, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

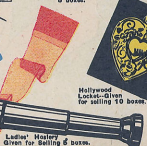
Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.



Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.



Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 6 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-88 Jefferson, Iowa

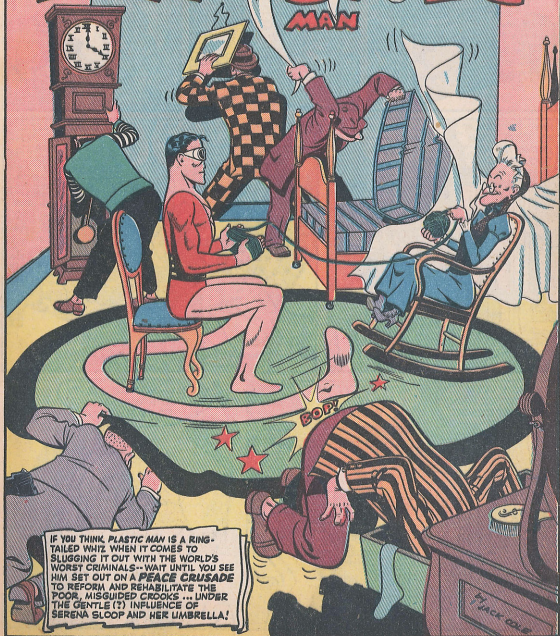
Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-88 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Gift I would like to have you send me.

PLASTIC

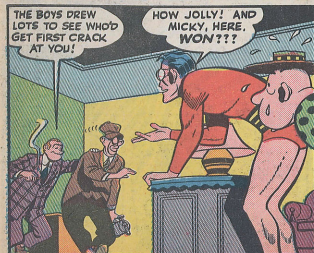
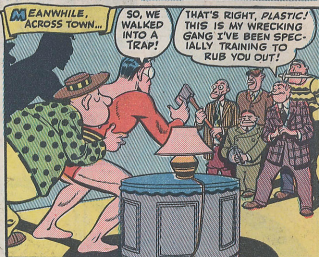
MAN



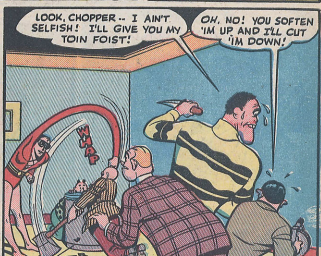
IF YOU THINK PLASTIC MAN IS A RING-TAILED WHIZ WHEN IT COMES TO SLUGGING IT OUT WITH THE WORLD'S WORST CRIMINALS--WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE HIM SET OUT ON A PEACE CRUSADE TO REFORM AND REHABILITATE THE POOR, MISGUIDED CROOKS ... UNDER THE GENTLE (?) INFLUENCE OF SERENA SLOOP AND HER UMBRELLA!

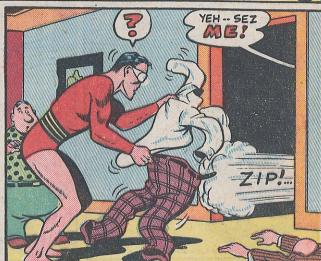
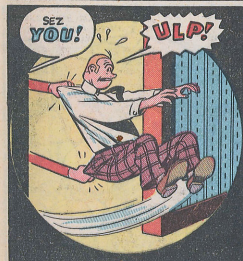
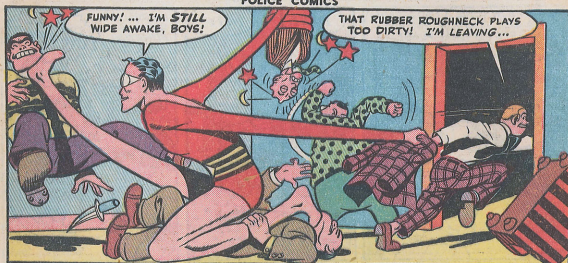
by JACK COLE

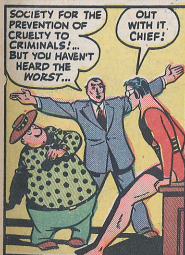
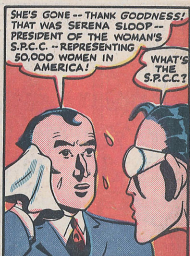
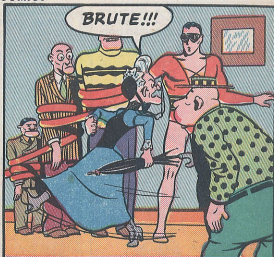
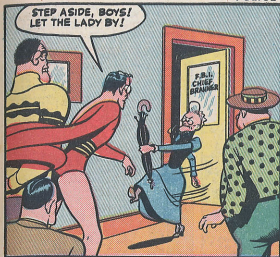
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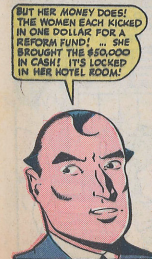
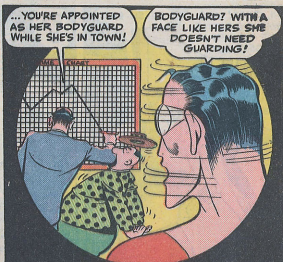
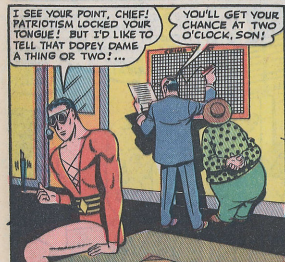
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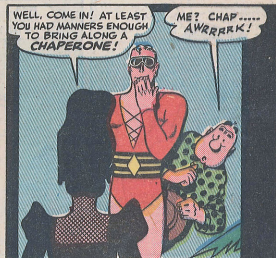
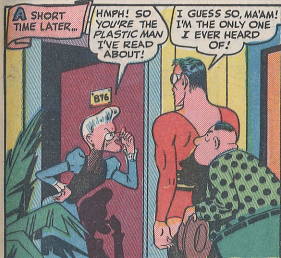




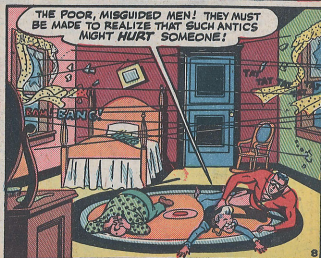
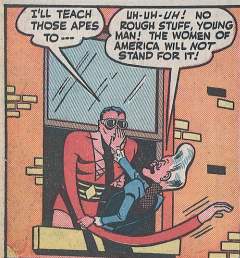
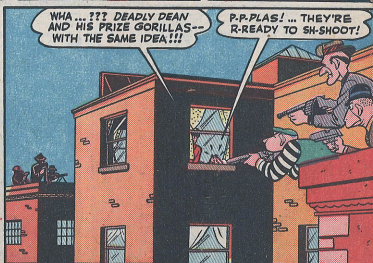
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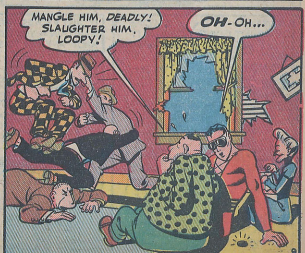
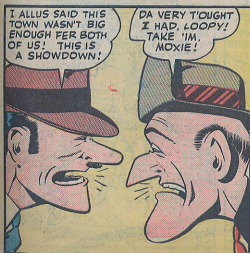
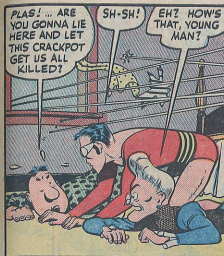
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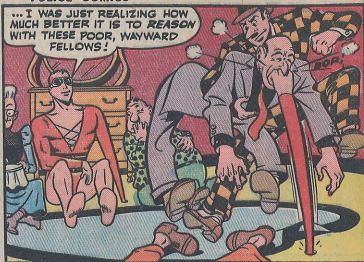
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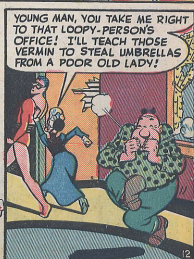
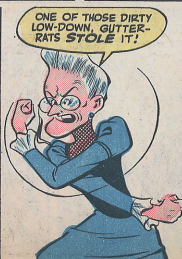
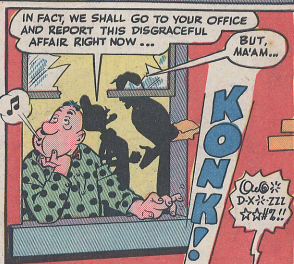
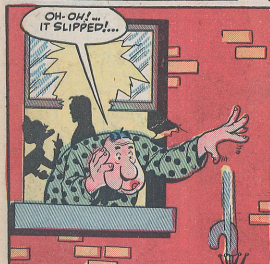
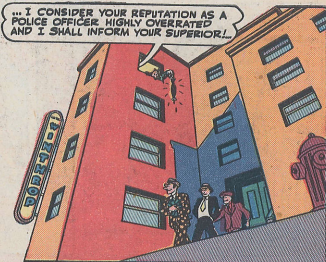
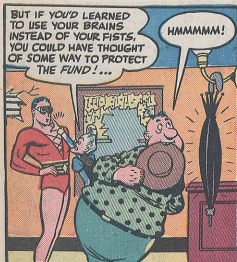
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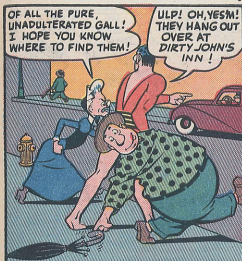


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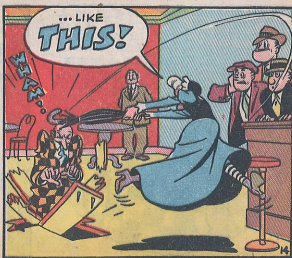
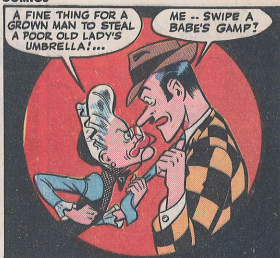
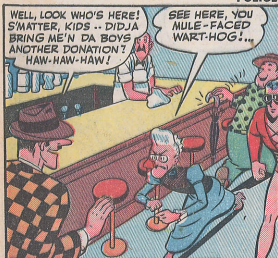


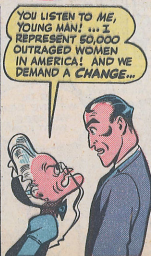
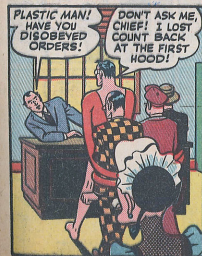
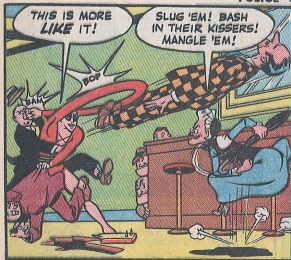
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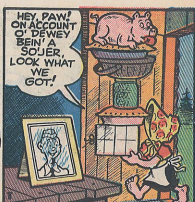
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HYAR COMES SIS WIGGINS TOTIN' A PILE O' VITTLES!



OUR CLUB SENT THIS IN HONOR OF YORE HERO SON, DEWEY!



HEY, PAW! ON ACCOUNT O' DEWEY BEIN' A SOJER, LOOK WHAT WE GOT!



THE NEW WIDDY WOMAN OVER THE MOUNTAIN HAS GOT **FOUR** SONS WOUNDED HOME FROM THE WAR!

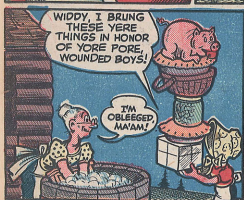
FOUR?



THEN **SHE** DESERVES THIS MORE'N WE UN'S DO!



IT'S NINE MILE OVER THE MOUNTAIN, BUT AH GOTTA SEE THEM **FOUR** HEE-ROES!



WIDDY, I BRUNG THESE YERE THINGS IN HONOR OF YORE PORE, WOUNDED BOYS!

I'M OBLEEGED, MA'AM!



I SHO' WOULD ADMIRE TO MEET YORE BOYS AN' HEAR ABOUT THE BATTLES THEY FIT!

AH! I'LL CALL 'EM!



BOYS! LADY OUT HERE WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT YORE BATTLES!



I'LL TELL HER ABOUT **BULL RUN!**

AS STONEWALL JACKSON ONCE SEZ TO ME...

ME-- I WAS A CHICK-A-MAW-GWY!

AND DID WE GIVE THEM YANKEES WHAT FOR!

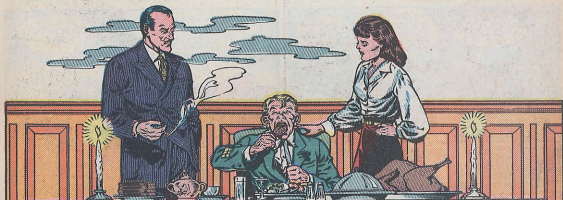


WHY'NT PAW TELL ME HE MEANT THE **CIVIL WAR?** BLAST HIS OR'N'RY HIDE!

POLICE COMICS

MANHUNTER

BY
AL. BRYANT



SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, IRRESISTABLE -- NOR COULD THE HOPELESS LITTLE WOULD-BE SUICIDE RESIST HER WHISPERED PROMISE: "WAIT! WAIT A LITTLE WHILE TO DIE! WE'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS -- THIRTY DAYS TO SPEND IT LIKE A KING! BUT AFTER THAT YOU MUST DIE THE WAY WE TELL YOU!" IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE LITTLE MAN HAD CHANGED HIS MIND AND WANTED TO LIVE, THAT MIGHTY **MANHUNTER** ENTERED THE PICTURE -- AND FOUND HIMSELF REGISTERED FOR A PERMANENT REST CURE AT **SUICIDE SANITARIUM!**

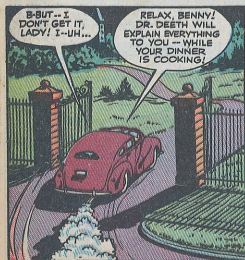
IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS BENNY THE BUM -- AND AN UNFEELING WORLD...



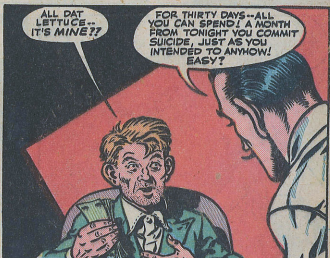
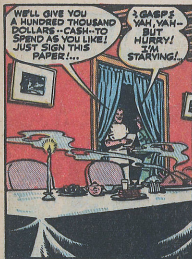
JUST A DIME, MISTER! I AIN'T EATEN FOR ---

NOT A CENT, BUM! IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, TRY WORKING LIKE THE REST OF US!

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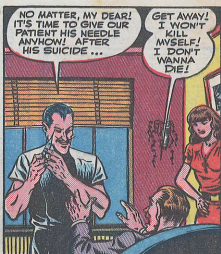
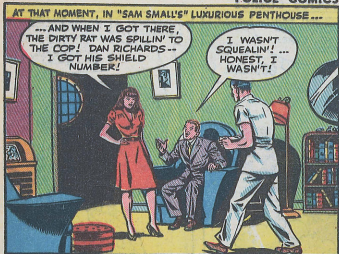


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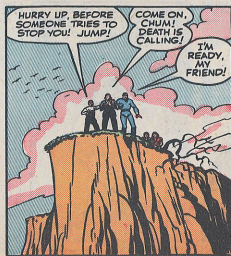
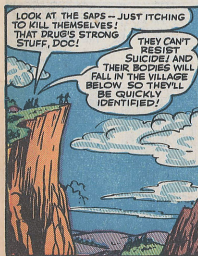




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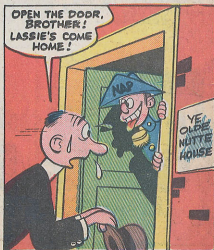
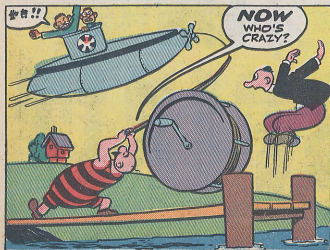
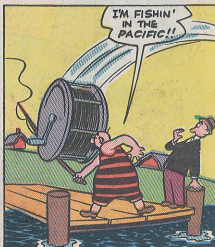
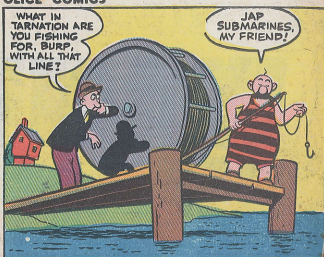
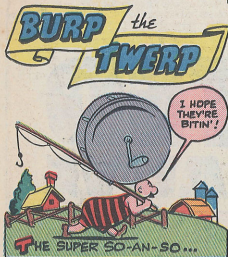




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



WANTED DEAD or ALIVE



FOR MANY MONTHS
NOW THIS MYSTERIOUS
MASKED MAN, THOUGH
HE HAS AIDED THE
POLICE IN MANY WAYS,
HAS BEEN A CONSTANT
ANNOYANCE TO THE
AUTHORITIES WITH HIS
MEDDLING...



NOW THIS MAN WHO
DISREGARDS OUR AU-
THORITY, WHO APPEARS
AND DISAPPEARS INTO
A SECRET HIDEOUT,
HAS AT LAST GIVEN
US DEFINITE EVIDENCE
BY AIDING AND ABET-
TING THE MURDERER
OF MAJOR HONORÉ
DENISKOV...

The SPIRIT

POLICE COMICS

NIGHT...WILDWOOD CEMETERY...THE SPIRIT'S AUTOPLANE RACES ACROSS THE LONELY ROAD WHICH WINDS THROUGH THE BLEAK DESOLATION...



SPIRIT, I...I... DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME TO ESCAPE BUT WHY... ??

SAVE IT!!..I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE GUILTY OF MAJOR DENISKOV'S MURDER!!

THEN, PLEASE... YOU'LL HELP ALLOW ME TO HELP YOU FIND THE REMAINING REAL KILLERS! IN WILWOOD.. OH...EBONY, YOU'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!!



YASSUH, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS !!

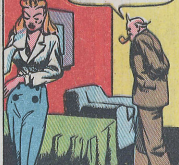
AT THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN, THE SPIRIT'S SECRET FRIEND...



DADDY, HOW COULD YOU ISSUE SUCH A NOTICE...THE SPIRIT'S YOUR FRIEND!!

DON'T I KNOW IT!!

BESIDES, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE HIM... OH..CUT IT OUT..I FEEL BAD ENOUGH BUT I CAN'T CHANGE MY MIND!! IT'S... MY.. DUTY...



DUTY..DUTY..DUTY.. YOU'D ARREST ME IF YOU THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR DUTY... YOU'RE AN OLD DIE-HARD !!!



I'M GOING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

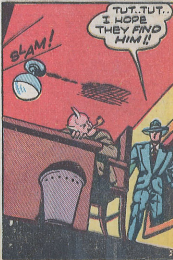
WELL, COMMISSIONER, SHALL WE SEND ANOTHER SQUAD OUT TO GET THE SPIRIT??



OK.. SEND OUT ANOTHER SQUAD TO GET HIM!!!



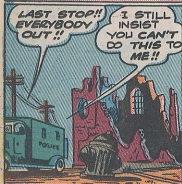
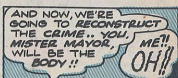
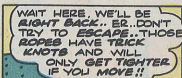
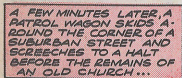
RIGHT



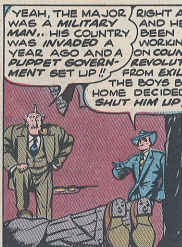
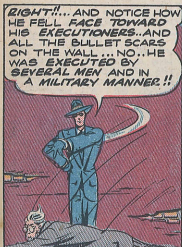
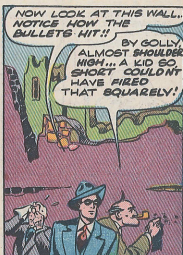
TUT..TUT.. I HOPE THEY FIND HIM!!

SLAM!

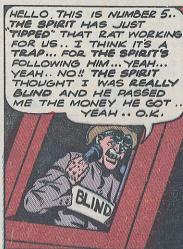
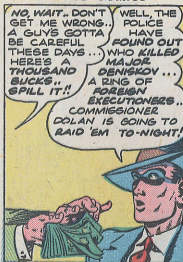
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MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...

CALL OFF THAT HUNT FOR THE SPIRIT... SEND ME COBB OF THE ALIEN SQUAD... SNAP IT UP!!

IF I WERE YOU, I'D HAVE THE SPIRIT ARRESTED ON ASSAULT CHARGES... PMPPF... USING THE MAYOR AS A CORPSE...



COMMISSIONER DOLAN... A YOUNG MAN'S BEEN TRYING TO SEE YOU... HE SAYS...

OH, TELL HIM I'M NOT IN!!



HE'S NOT IN ...

BAH! THE FOOL!! IF ONLY I CAN FIND THE SPIRIT!!

SPIRIT ???



DO YOU KNOW HIM??

YES!! OH, TELL ME WHERE HE IS... I'M LOOKING FOR HIM, TOO...

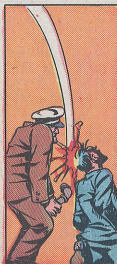


...I KNOW WHERE THE HIDEOUT OF THE KILLERS IS... THEY ARE FOREIGN AGENTS...

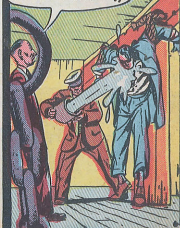
MAYBE THE SPIRITS THERE... COME, I'VE MY CAR DOWN-STAIRS...



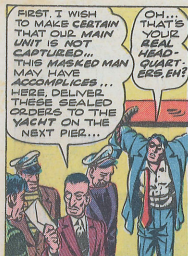
MEANWHILE ...



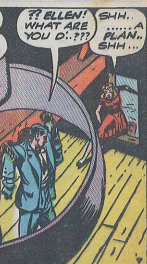
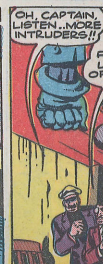
AH... SO!! THIS IS MUCH BETTER, MISTER SPIRIT!!



POLICE COMICS

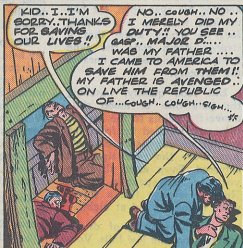
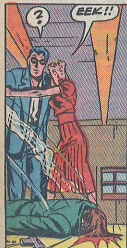


OUTSIDE, AT THAT MOMENT..



?? ELLEN! WHAT ARE YOU D..??? SHH... A PLAN.. SHH...

POLICE COMICS



BALLOONS of DEATH

OLD PUCK ran screaming through the sugar cane. The devil was after him! It was bearing down on him at astonishing speed—a huge, swollen, grotesque devil that seemed to float silently across the knee-high canes.

Old Puck, panting, stumbled, clutching at his scrawny throat. He sprawled into the wet canes and kicked a few times; then lay still. His breathing had stopped. The small patter of rain fell, wetting his black face, beating his tattered clothes into the mud. It soon became a down-pour and heavy measmic fog began lifting from the sodden ground—a ghostly cloak for Death!

Workers in the fields next morning found old Puck's body and carried it into the plantation owner's house. William Grantland was shocked.

"Old Puck!" he exclaimed. "Dead. Not a mark on him either. Must've been heart trouble."

They buried old Puck in the little cemetery on the hillside above the house. A crowd of weeping, wailing blacks made up the funeral procession and as Puck was lowered into his grave a distant mutter of drums crept across the dank valley.

Voodoo drums!

Bill Grantland, big planter, wasn't quite certain about a lot of things. Puck's death seemed natural enough, but Bill had the idea that there were some things not explained about it. He was sure when, the next morning, some of his cane cutters carried Sime Suma, his foreman, into the house.

Suma was a tall, well built Puerto Rican who had been

with Grantland for seventeen years. He was dependable and well liked by the workers. Who had killed him—if he had been murdered? And why?

There were no marks of violence on Suma's body either.

"Something mighty strange going on around here," Bill said. "And I'm going to find out!"

That night Bill Grantland rode far out into his cane fields, keeping his eyes open. He had no idea what he was looking for; he only knew that a strange doom rode the cane fields—and he meant to unravel the mystery.

Bill rode quietly, watching the pale disk of moon slide above the palms to the east. A thin mist writhed up from the ground, making fleecy blankets just above the cane tips. Bill shivered. Even after all these years he had spent in Puerto Rico, he always felt a shiver when riding around at night.

A soft throbbing of drums echoed from the low hills. Voodoo! The weird ceremony had started. Strange deaths always started the cultists to practicing their unholy rituals. Bill had seen one or two of these unearthly rites. He had seen bodies rise from opened graves and walk, blindly, but under some hypnotic spell. He had seen the priest run a gleaming sword through one of these mummies and withdraw the blade—bloodless! The living dead!

Bill pulled his horse up near a wide, steaming marsh and sat watching the moon climb higher. He was unaware of the great gray shape that floated toward him from across the swamp. It moved slowly, making a slight hissing sound.

Suddenly Bill's horse reared, throwing him into the mud. His head swam and his eyeballs buried with a terrible throbbing fire. He couldn't get up. He sank farther into the mire. His horse had leaped twenty feet and fallen in a heap, dead.

Bill tried to call out, but his throat contracted. A raging fire swept through his body—

They found Willaim Grantland the next day, half buried in the swamp morass. They found his horse. Both were dead.

The planters of the great valley held a mass meeting. Things had gone too far. These deaths were beyond the pale of explanation. Something must be done and done quickly. The detectives of several cities got on the case, but made little headway. There was nothing to start on, let alone get their teeth into. No reason for the crimes—for crimes they were, everyone felt.

Grantland had no enemies, at least none that anyone knew about. Nor had the blacks. Then why had they been "removed"?

"That's the only word that seems to fit the case," said Dick Mace, young American detective of fame. "'Removed.' Someone wants this valley for something. They are using some method of killing so as to frighten the others out."

Ramon Perez, police chief, shook his head in a baffled manner. "Dick," he said, "I've known you a long time and I've always trusted your deductions. But this time I think you're on the wrong track."

Dick smiled. "Time will tell, Chief. Give me a few days."

Another death occurred in the valley that night. In fact, two deaths. This time the victims were a young mother and

POLICE COMICS

her infant daughter. They lived in a shack on the Grantland plantation. Both were found dead in bed the next morning.

Dick was in the late Bill Grantland's office when news of the new deaths arrived. He didn't bother to look at the latest victims. He knew there would be nothing to identify the mode of death. The only thing he had brought with him from the police chief's office was a small calibre automatic pistol and an air rifle.

Shortly after midnight Dick set out, afoot, across the cane fields. It was a dark night, with a hint of rain. The mists were rising and an occasional streak of lightning stabbed across the southern sky.

Dick walked carefully, every sense alert. After about an hour he halted at the edge of the swamp. A soft hissing came from the darkness and he quickly put on a mask. He waited, motionless. The hissing grew louder. Then he saw it—an enormous, globular *thing* swimming toward him just above the morass.

Moving carefully, Dick lifted his air rifle and pulled the trigger. The huge shape exploded with a loud *pop* and a cloud of dense gas came rolling toward him. He crouched lower while the cloud of gas or fog passed over him.

Acting on a sudden impulse, Dick lay down on a dry portion of the swamp and didn't move. Soon he heard a sound as of someone walking stealthily toward him. He snatched off the gas mask and stuffed it into a pocket. Then he lay quietly with his eyes closed and his right hand grasping the automatic, still in his pocket.

A figure came slowly toward him and suddenly the blinding glare of a flashlight lit up his face. He lay still.

then snapped off the flash. Dick leaped erect, flooding the newcomer with the beam of his own flash and covering him with his gun.

"Up with 'em and keep 'em up!" snapped Dick.

The man, a smallish, scowling chap, raised his hands, snarling, "Smart guy, eh? You—"

"I'll do the talking," Dick retorted. "Right now it's start walking, and no monkey business, Mister!"

"What are you going to do?" demanded the little wart.

"Take you in for the murder of several innocent people."

The man grunted.

"What was your idea?" Dick asked. "Why did you kill all these people? Were they your enemies?"

Silence for awhile. Then:

"I wanted the valley. I tried to buy these poor sugar-raising fools for years, but they refused to sell. I had to have that valley, or lose my life—"

"You mean," Dick intervened, "someone was threatening your life unless you got hold of the valley?"

"Yes. The Gestapo—the Fatherland."

"Oh," said Dick. "And just why did they want the valley?"

"Helium. There's loads of it in this valley. It's what I used in my balloons."

"But helium isn't poisonous," Dick reminded him.

"I injected another kind of gas into the helium—a deadly gas the Gestapo furnished," replied the man. "You must've worn a mask, or else—"

Dick laughed. "Fortunately I guessed part of the truth before I started out to find the cause of these crimes."

"If I'd had another week or so, I might have got away with it," said the man in a despondent voice. "Now—"

"Did you ever hear that old truism, Crime doesn't pay?" Dick said softly.

The man suddenly jumped to one side and whirled. A pistol flashed in his right hand, momentarily out of Dick's flashlight beam. But Dick fired instantly, and the stranger yelled, clutching his shattered wrist where Dick's bullet had plowed through. He dropped the gun.

"Better take it easy from now on in," Dick warned him. "There's five more shots in this gun."

WATCH for CANDY

IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF

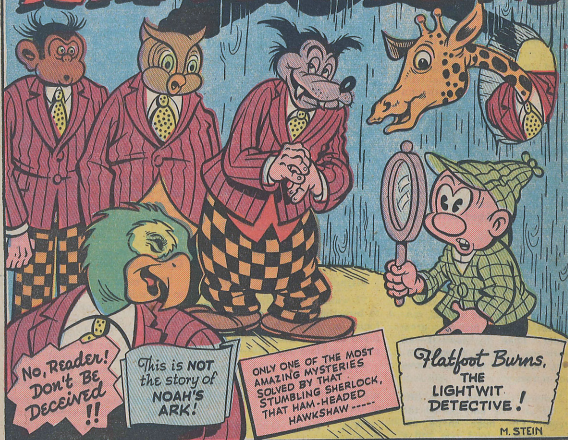
POLICE COMICS!

SHE'LL JITTERBUG HER WAY
INTO YOUR HEART...

DON'T MISS THIS LITTLE MISS!

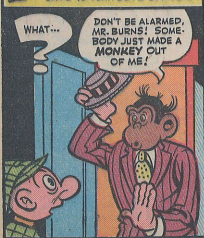
The man came closer and

FLATFOOT BURNS



M. STEIN

IT BEGAN WHEN A CLIENT
CAME TO FLATFOOT'S OFFICE...

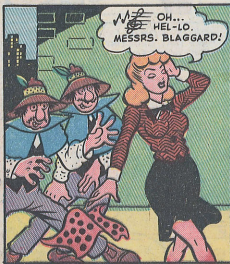
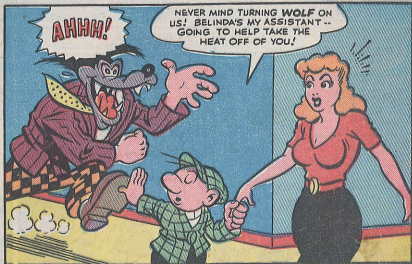
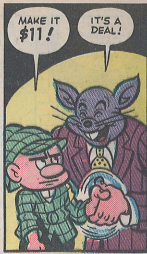
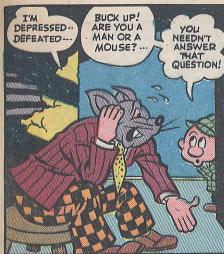


I REFUSED TO
PAY OFF TO THE
BLAGGARD
BROTHERS..
THEY'RE TWINS--
SEVENTH SONS
OF SEVENTH
SONS!

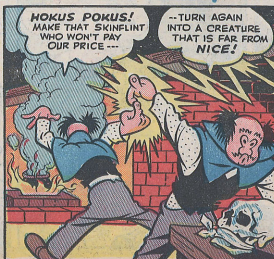
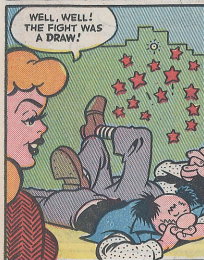
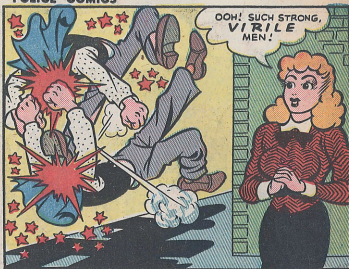


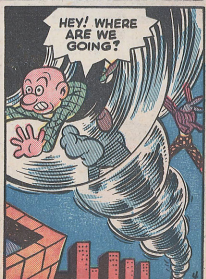
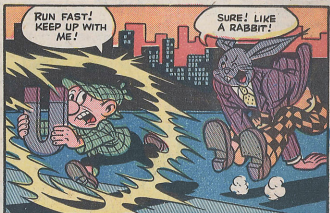
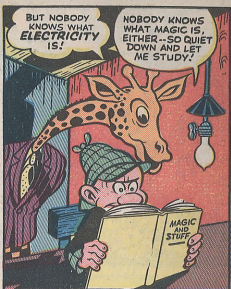
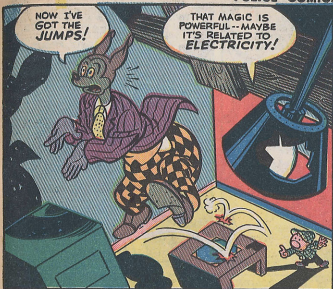
THAT'S WHAT
I'M TELLING YOU!
THEY PUT A SPELL
ON ME! I KEEP
CHANGING INTO
DIFFERENT
ANIMALS,
ACCORDING TO
HOW I FEEL!



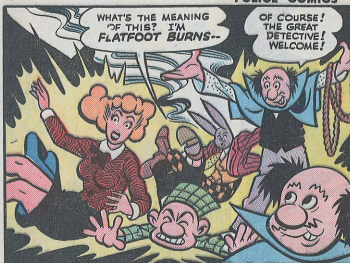


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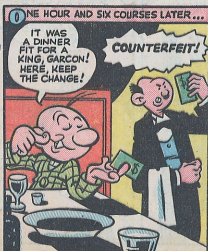




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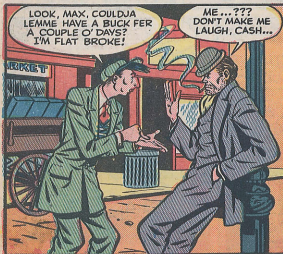
Destiny



NOT ALL TREASURES ARE GLEAMING GOLD OR GLITTERING DIAMONDS!

THERE WAS ONE TREASURE, RICHER THAN ANY METAL -- RARER THAN THE MOST PRECIOUS STONE -- THAT DREW TWO KILLERS TO THE HOME OF PROFESSOR DORN, THE ARCHAEOLOGIST!

BUT, LIKE A MAGNET, IT ALSO DREW ANOTHER -- **DESTINY**, THAT STRANGE MAN WHOSE OCCULT TRANCES WHISK HIM TO THE SCENE OF CRIME!



LOOK, MAX, COULDJA LEMME HAVE A BUCK FER A COUPLE O' DAYS? I'M FLAT BROKE!

ME...??? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, CASH...



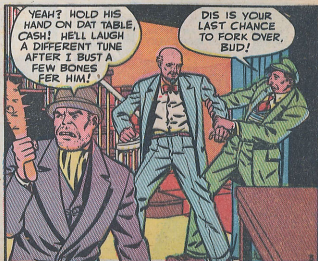
SINCE DA COPS BUSTED UP ROGAN'S MOB, I'VE HADDA SNATCH POISES TO EAT!

WE GOTTA MAKE A HAUL SOMEWHERE!

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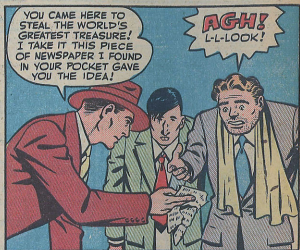
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POLICE COMICS



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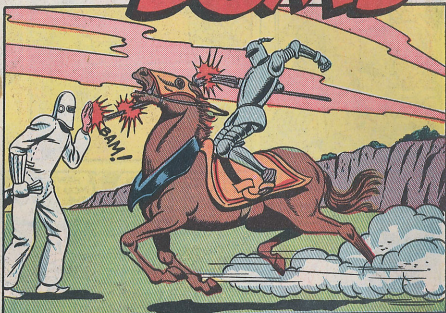


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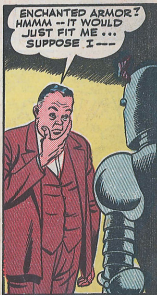
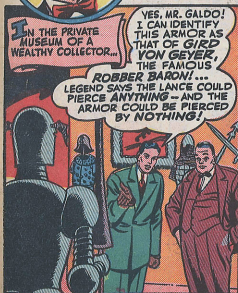
The HUMAN BOMB



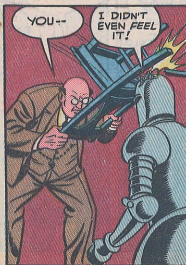
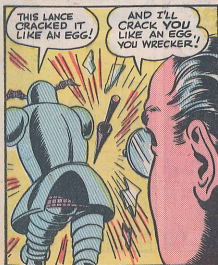
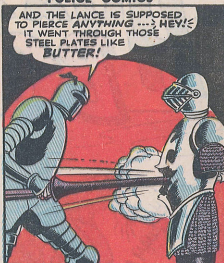
WHEN cheerful, thoughtful Roy Lincoln, the wizard of science, dons his bleak suit of armor, he becomes the **HUMAN BOMB** -- for a strange scientific accident has placed in his smashing knuckles the power of a **WORLD OF Dynamite!**



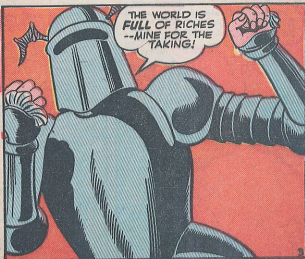
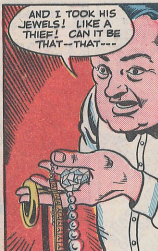
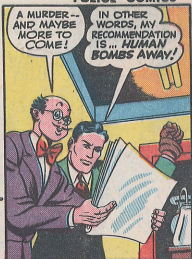
And here's Hustace Throckmorton -- his side-kick ...and **WHAT** a kick! -- with the power of a bomb in his tootsies!

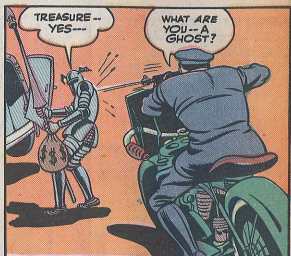
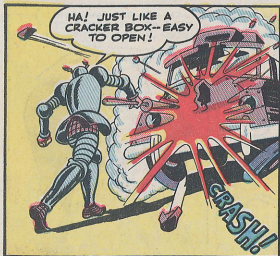
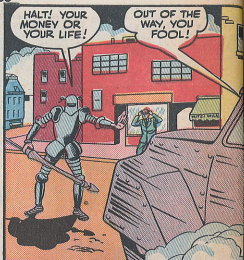
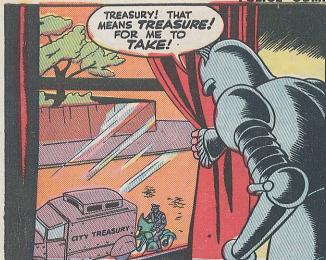


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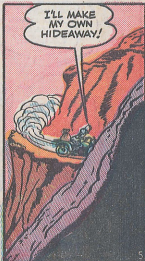
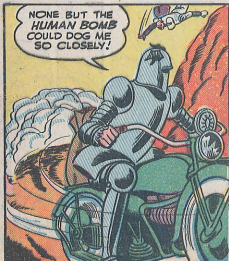
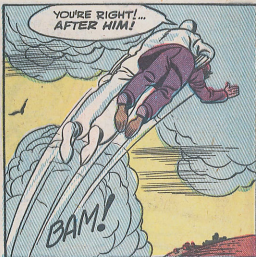
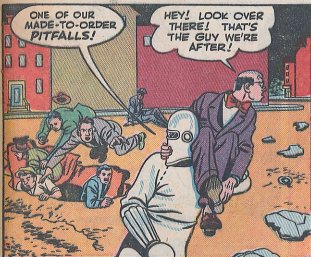
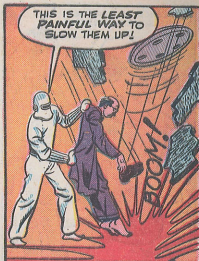


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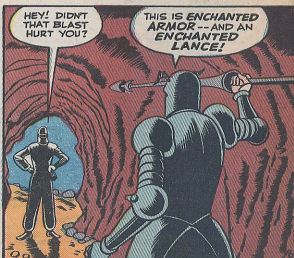
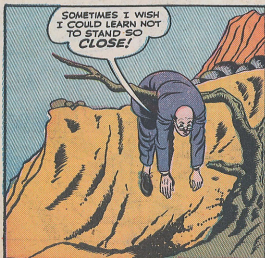
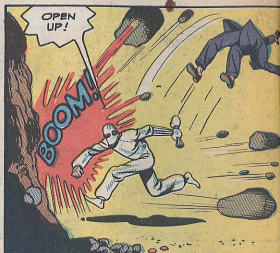
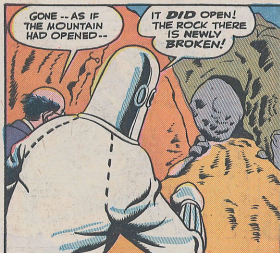
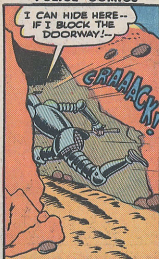
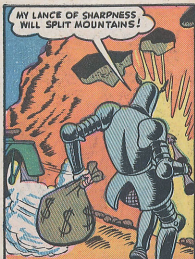


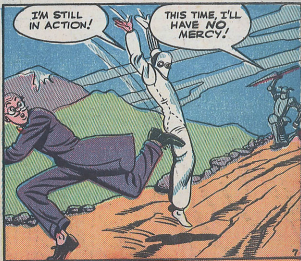
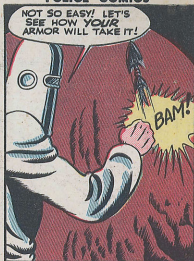


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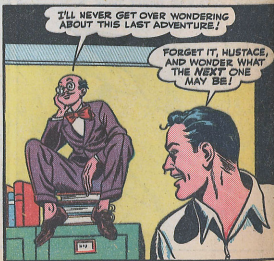
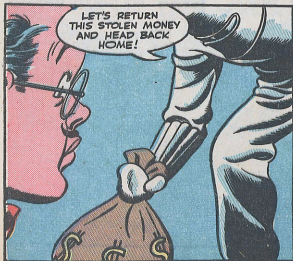
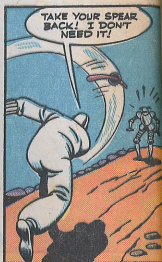
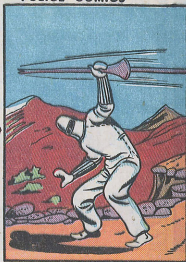
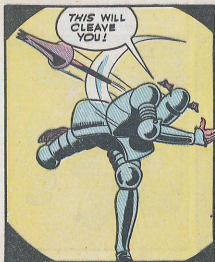


POLICE COMICS





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HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

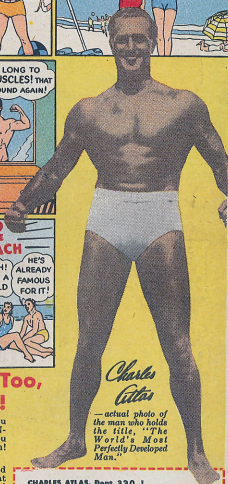
Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 J, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 J
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



Baby Ruth candy makes delicious cookies



IF HE'S IN AMERICA
SEND A BOX TO
THE BOY IN CAMP

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



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